

The New Reality: Pandora

by Everyone and No-one

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Summary: Imagine world where every video game character, place and situation has the possibility to exist. When the world is salvaged from the dark presence by Alan Wake, we are left with one of the most epic crossover stories in history. (As there is no category for every game ever, these ones will have to do. But expect appearances from your favourite characters).

The New Reality: Pandora

"March 3rd 2014 marks the last day an Xbox 360 video game console will be sold again", the television presenter announces clearly. "The buyer of this very last console is a rich collector who wishes to remain unnamed."

The Collector picks up a small, silver knife. He jabs it hard into the packaging, prying the box apart slowly. He savours every moment, knowing that he is the last person on Earth who will ever open a brand new Xbox 360. The surface of the console itself is shiny and new, with no sign of dust or dirt or grime. Wait... The Collector shakes his head. It was nothing. He thought he had seen something dark on the side of the console, like a smear of black paint.

There is no time for waiting. Within ten minutes the console is plugged into the wall and the controller is powered by new batteries. There was another moment where The Collector looked at the console and swore he saw a smear of black paint. It caused him to study the whole thing again, but there was nothing. Even now that he knows it is pristine, ever since it was plugged in the black smear has caught his eye more and more. But it's just a figment of his imagination, he tells himself.

The Collector picks up a game box: Alan Wake, to be precise. He opens the disc tray. The black smear appears again, beaming with delight, but is gone before he can focus on it. He puts the disc into the tray and closes it. There is a moment where the whirring of the machine

can be heard as it reads the game.

Suddenly, the black smear appears again. But it no longer looks like a smear. It is longer, thicker and blacker. It clings to the console like a solid but moves like a liquid. Yes, it is moving! Swiftly it clambers across the console until it is completely concealed in shadows. Then the shadows move onto the carpet and crawl across the room. The Collector is frozen with fear. The shadows cling to his foot, icy and cold, climbing up his body, emptying out his mind. He's gone, now just a shell of a man.

The darkness moves outwards, into the world. There is no time for anyone to fight back. Nobody was prepared for this moment. The Earth becomes a mass of writhing shadows and emptiness. Everything is now nothing.

"The dark presence has the power to bring works of fiction to life", a disembodied voice mutters. "I've re-written reality before, I can do it again. The dark presence brought me here without realising it would end itself. It's not a lake: It's an ocean". The disembodied voice ceases. There is a blinding flash of light. The dark presence is gone.

* * *

><p>A crowd cheers loudly as a man walks onto the raised platform presented in front of them. The man wears a solid, heavy, green tinged armour, with a yellow visor on his helmet, which resembles that of a motor biker. He walks forward to a podium and leans closer to the microphone.<p>

"Citizens of Pandora", he says loudly, in his deep, commanding voice. His face appears on huge screens to his left and right and also behind him. "I look to you as you look to me: for strength and support. Our planet succumbs to new threats every day but we, the people, need to find the courage within ourselves to stand tall". There is a huge cheer from the gathered crowd, but you can also imagine the people watching at home fist-pumping the air in triumph. "You may have heard of the recent outbreak of the T-Virus in Raccoon City, but I can assure you that we have an elite team moving in. Whatever this world throws at us, we will throw back faster and harder".

The crowd erupt into clapping and cheering once more. A chant begins at the front row and spreads like a disease: "Master Chief! Master Chief! Master Chief!", they methodically scream.

He pulls out the M6G PDWS from the holster on his hip and raises it into the air, as if he has just returned victorious from battle. This has the wanted effect on the crowd and their screams - which Master Chief had thought were as loud as possible - grow even louder.

There is an unanticipated noise. It is metallic sounding. The crowd look up at the sky, and suddenly the screaming of joy turns into shrieks of terror. Hovering about them is a huge, solid, silver space ship. It has to be the size of a block of flats and has clearly displayed weapons on the sides. One of these huge guns turns down to the crowd and fires. The blue laser heads straight for the stage. The platform explodes into thousands of splinters of wood causing Master Chief to be thrown backwards onto the grass.

A woman lands next to him, yet she does it more gracefully. She whips out a Master Assault Rifle and points it all around herself, making sure that there are no enemies nearby.

"Chief, it's me Shephard", the woman shouts. "Get up! We've gotta move!"

He stands up slowly and looks out across the country side. As far as the eye can see, spaceships are attacking. He can see at least twenty, stretching right over the land.

"They're landing up as far as Silent Hill", she says.

"Then we've gotta go out there and kick some ass", Master Chief replies. Shephard takes a gun from her back and hands it to him.

"You're going to need this then!", she says, as he takes the shotgun from her hands. "So, what's the plan"?

"We need to get up to that spaceship. But first, we need some information so let's go and find someone worth interrogating!"

Master Chief steps forward, the shotgun held in his hand, balancing back on his shoulder. Commander Shephard walks next to him, her assault rifle held less casually as she waits for another attack.

* * *

><p>"We've been wandering around these damn swamps for days now!"<p>

"You know as well as I do that the only way to Raccoon City, without getting spotted by Vaas, is to go through the Glade of Dreams", a thin, young man replies turning around to face his much larger, darker, balder friend.

"I know Leon, I know", Coach mumbles, giving a small smile. He holds his shotgun steady in both hands, constantly turning his head in all directions, waiting to be attacked from behind the thick trees.

"Pallet Town is under attack by Covenant forces", a crackly voice mumbles. "It is unknown if Master Chief or Commander Shephard made it out of the assault alive". Leon grabs at his belt and pulls off the radio, looking at it as if it had just done something magical.

"We haven't had a signal for days", a young-sounding voice, coated with an English accent, says. The woman is tall, thin and beautiful, with a plaited, brown ponytail. She carries a bow, and has a quiver of arrows slung around her body.

"The trees block the signal. We must be gettin' close".

Leon runs a hand back through his thick, messy hair and straightens his leather jacket as he continues to walk forward.

"What happens when we...", Lara stops talking halfway through her sentence. In the distance she can hear gurgling noises. Coach and Leon hear them too, and have also stopped dead in their tracks.

The noise goes from quiet to roaring in a matter of seconds as at least fifty people run out of the trees. They have limbs missing, are soaked in blood and flesh and have a dangerous, hungry look in their eyes. Lara draws her bow and fires arrow after arrow into the crowd, hitting most of them right between the eyes. Leon grabs the pistol from his holster and shoots at the zombies with the same accuracy. With his shotgun Coach does not need to be accurate and simply blows any zombie that gets near him, into nuggets of flesh.

Within minutes, all of the zombies lie dead on the forest floor. The smell has quickly filled the air, and Coach looks as if he is going to be sick. To defy stereotypes, Lara looks fine with the smell of death that surrounds her. Then again, she is Lara Croft, and as an archaeologist you spend your time around dead bodies more than a retired football coach does.

Without warning, the ground gives a shaking sound. The thuds get closer and closer, as if some giant creature is approaching.

"Oh shit", Coach grunts, readying his shotgun. "I've only got six shells left!"

"I've got seven arrows", Lara mumbles.

"Four bullets on me", Leon grunts.

Suddenly, two trees are ripped to the side by a huge, muscly, blood-thirsty creature.

"Lara, go bird's eye view!" Leon shouts. She gives a nod of understand and slings the bow over her back. She then runs at a tree and pulls herself up its branches quickly. Coach looks at her with a smile across his face.

As the Tank gets closer, Coach unloads all six shells into it repeatedly. It staggers backwards, its blood splattering all over Coach's purple t-shirt. As the creature lifts its arms to crush him, Leon fires two shots right into its head. It turns to the new attacker just as Lara fires an arrow right into its skull. The Tank staggers backwards, grunting loudly. BANG ! Leon fires a bullet right into its head and it falls to the ground, dead.

Lara jumps down from the tree and begins plucking her arrows from the skulls of broken corpses. Leon puts his gun back into his holster, deciding that he should save this one bullet for something important. Coach lets his shotgun fall to his side, completely dry of ammunition.

"Look, there", Lara mumbles, pointing out into the trees. A few yards in front of them wanders a green, zombie. It is very square in shape, and fizzes slightly as it moves. "It's a creeper!"

Cough! Cough! This sound comes from above where the creeper stands. They all look in time to see a huge tongue leap from the trees and wrap around Lara. The smoker pulls its prey closer, but also dangerously close to the creeper. Leon knows that if she gets too

close then it'll explode, and that could attract zombies, or worse, kill her. He pulls out his gun and takes a steady aim, then fires. The bullet hits the smoker right in the mouth, severing it's tongue.

Free from the constricting rope-like tongue, Lara coughs and splutters for air. But the noises are too loud. The creeper fizzes louder than before and begins to pulse. She tries to run. There is a huge explosion. The ground collapses underneath her, and fragments of forest fly into the air.

Once the scene has settled, Coach and Leon run over. They expect to find a crater, but nothing like this. The exploding creeper seems to have uncovered some kind of secret underground mine or facility or something. There is no sign of Lara in the darkness below.

"Lara! Can you hear me"? Leon calls.

"Uh oh", Coach mumbles. Leon turns to see what he is looking at and wishes he hadn't. There are approaching silhouettes and gurgling sounds : more zombies, and they have no ammo left!

* * *

><p>"This is Pat Maine here on KBBFM", the radio presenter says clearly. "I'm glad to have with us a scientist by the name of Doctor Gordon Freeman. Now, doctor Freeman, I understand you're here to talk about the recent outbreak of the T-Virus in Raccoon City". A small girl with bushy hair smiles as she listens to the broadcast. Innocence is carved onto her childish features. A man walks into the room. He is tall, with a stubbly beard and very short hair on his head. He wears a kind expression as he walks over and sits down next to her. As he sits down, the girl smiles more brightly than before.<p>

In the distance there is a loud noise, almost like a growl or a roar of something huge. But they ignore it. The noise is there again and this time it is closer. They both jump up. The man goes over to the window and peers outside. Nothing. But the noise is there again, except this time it is louder and directly above the house.

Suddenly, the roof is ripped to shreds and both people fall the ground.

"Run Clementine!"

"Lee!"

A thirty foot tall dragon sits on the roof, looking inside for fresh meat. It has razor sharp claws, matched by razor sharp teeth. Its scaly skin reflects the light of the house. An explosion hits the side of the dragon. It turns and roars at the attacker, who seems to be somewhere outside. Clementine gets up and turns to run to Lee.

The dragon moves it's claw unexpectedly into the house. There is a squelching sound.

"No! Lee! No!", Clementine screams as tears pour quickly from her

eyes. There is no answer. As soon as the dragon stepped on him, he was gone. It was painful, but only for a split second. "Lee", she sobs painfully. Another explosion hits the side of the dragon. Why couldn't this "dragon slayer" or whatever is out there have killed the thing before this? Why did Lee have to die?

Clementine runs through to the kitchen and rips open a drawer. She pulls out the hand gun that Lee kept hidden there and runs outside. The tears pouring from her eyes make it difficult for her to see where she is going. But through the blurriness she can see a man. She wipes them away to get a better view of him.

The man stands tall in his silver armour. There are glowing blue lights over the outfit, including a triangle shaped one at the heart. He holds a gun that is smaller than she expected for the amount of power it hides. The man fires it again and the dragon roars in pain as shards of its hard skin are thrown everywhere.

The man drops his gun and grabs hard at his head, as if he is in immense agony. These pains were not uncommon for him, and they usually came with some crazy hallucinations. Sensing his moment of weakness, the dragon raises its tail, ready to crush him. Clementine runs as fast as she can, diving onto the gun. She turns around and fires it, hitting the dragon right in the face. It crashes to the ground dead.

"Thanks kid", The Man grunts, looking up through the pain. "I'm Isaac Clarke. What's your name?"

"Clementine", she mumbles, handing him the gun.

The dragon flesh begins to crumble, as if the process of decomposing has been sped up. Within moments, only a pile of bone lies on the ground. Then a blue light erupts from the dragon and swirls around the air, turning sharply and then feeding itself into Clementine.

"What happened?" she asked, looking down at herself as if she has just absorbed a highly volatile substance. All the light has gone into her.

"You absorbed it's power...you're the one I've heard about. The one I've been looking for."

"What do you mean? What's wrong with me?"

"You're...I think, you're dragon born. But there's only one way to know for sure. Kid, you're the only one who can stop the dragons. I need to take you to some people who know what they're doing. You'll be able to end this".

"But, I'm just Clementine".

"And you're the only person who can save the world."

There is a moment of silence as she thinks hard.

"If I have so much power, I'm not going with you. But you can come with me". She gives a weak smile, but it's all an act. She has a power unlike any other and is told by a powerful man that she can

save the world. The pain of losing her father - well, adopted father - can't stop her from this. It's not what Lee would have wanted. Clementine wipes away a tear that wells up in her eye. "Lets go".

End
file.